

# Spirit Caller

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# ***Spirit Caller Magazine***

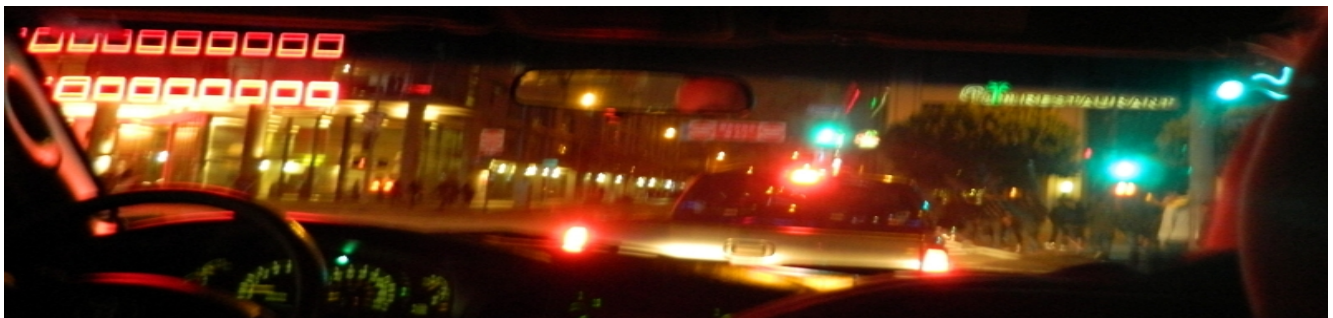
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## **Be Here Now**

Be there now  
Wherever you are  
Or be there later  
Or never  
Or in the past  
Be somewhere  
Or don't be  
See if I care  
Okay I care  
So what  
Be where you are  
Or whatever  
And breathe  
Or don't breathe  
Empty your head or  
Don't....keep thinking  
Keep worrying  
Keep projecting  
Or whatever  
It's all good...  
Even if it isn't  
You are going to die  
But first you should  
Take a shower  
And brush your teeth  
And put some clothes on  
Because if you go outside nude  
The neighbors will want to have sex with you  
And that will make you very late to your funeral...  
And if Ram Dass is there, he will wonder where you are...

~ Andy Hall



## **(the pursuit)**

I never heard colors spoken before and  
I had listened for them.  
remember?  
our friends watched from their seats,  
they knew we were lying.  
You rarely did the lying on your own and  
I rarely knew when we were lying together.  
I kept finding myself  
looking down on you  
and being jealous.  
I wanted to be down there.  
not with you but as you and as I would be if I were you.  
I wanted to look up and see someone like me looking down on someone like you.  
I wanted to be more like myself.  
I wanted to be in all those places we kept finding ourselves in, all at once.  
As if anyone ever believed you and I could end up anywhere by accident.  
or by dancing,  
or by running away  
or by having been subdued and having accepted what comes next and then  
bearing down with our guts on all of it and all of them.  
" please.  
fucking stop.  
I know its..  
hard."  
you had said "assailants" I dreamt it  
you sighed like a cigarette butt on the ground might  
let a word linger onto the pavement in uneven smoke signals  
having just learned to speak in its own poisonous way in it's own short time between  
some  
stranger's lips.  
Yes. It has been difficult to be the target and to hit the target, as you know well.  
I cant stop thinking about it.  
Do you remember we lurched about the city and  
arched eyebrows and everything else?  
we tried to, didn't we? If only we could be each other and the same at once!  
You were irreversibly smart and God knows I tried.  
You were proud,  
Full of strength.  
I kept asking you for reassurance,  
I was scared

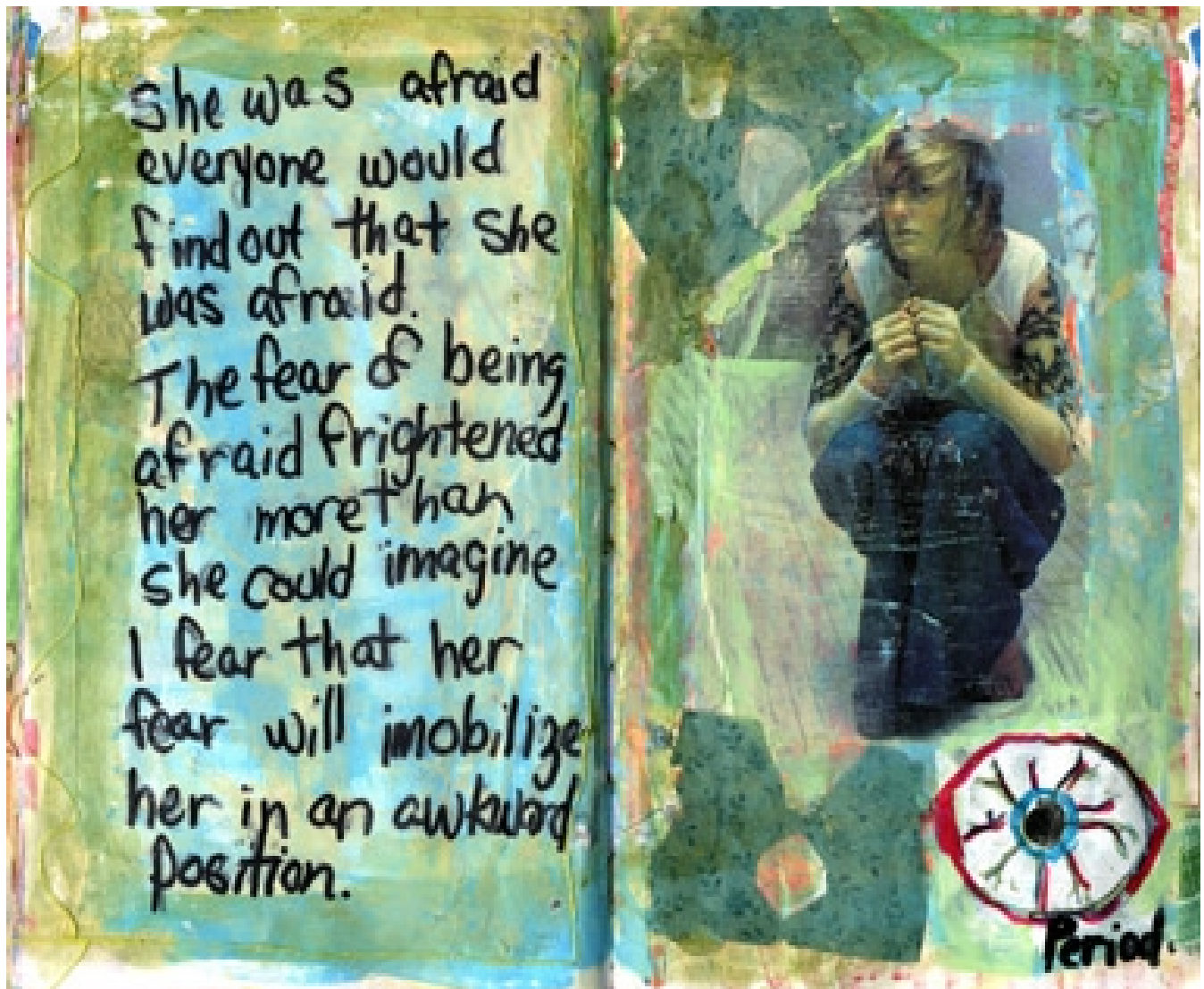


you were my first one and only  
my first dramatis personae  
I kept asking you for reassurance.  
I needed to hear that answer more than once.  
many times perhaps until the question itself burned away,  
"You are just another hole opening for me.... aren't you?"  
yes yes always the same and my response  
"yes,  
yes!  
let us  
revel in our lies like heathens  
in their fire!"  
it never changed.  
We were pressing my fat tongue onto your fat tongue as it rolled  
out it's war cries exposing you as the best of us pretending to be the worst of us  
consoling the terrified.  
We told others that  
"Only the weak and the vain can really know your pain and truly love you,"  
and like that we entombed hoards of stolen kisses.  
Often we were biting them off of every ghost we could capture that still had a bit of skin  
clinging to it. callously. any day  
and into the night  
sometimes I got the wind knocked out of me by the wailing  
I often had to catch my breath  
as my own my lungs would fill deliriously with the exquisite humidity of each and every  
time we  
would fuck something lonely, someone not really there, someone like us.  
We spoke in colors to one another.  
We spoke in colors to one another,  
you knew  
we spoke in colors.  
we are probably speaking to each other in colors right now.  
I had tried to stop the colors.  
Remember?  
I struck you and  
then you cut off my hand and called me a thief?  
Then I said green and you said yellow and then, alone but together and also in front of  
everyone  
we said red to each other.  
we kept calling out other colors but red crept deeper into our conversations until less of  
myself  
stood with less of your self.

the more my heart struggled to swallow and pump each gulp the more it failed to fill up  
your own  
heart  
run ragged by the specter of whatever love is.  
Was.

Every once in a while it would skip a beat. It would murmur something too quietly about  
how only good people hunt down strong things  
but the rest of us  
we set upon the weak and only know our lips in the ways in which they hide our teeth  
and that  
deep hole where the words are kept

~ Jason Quiggle



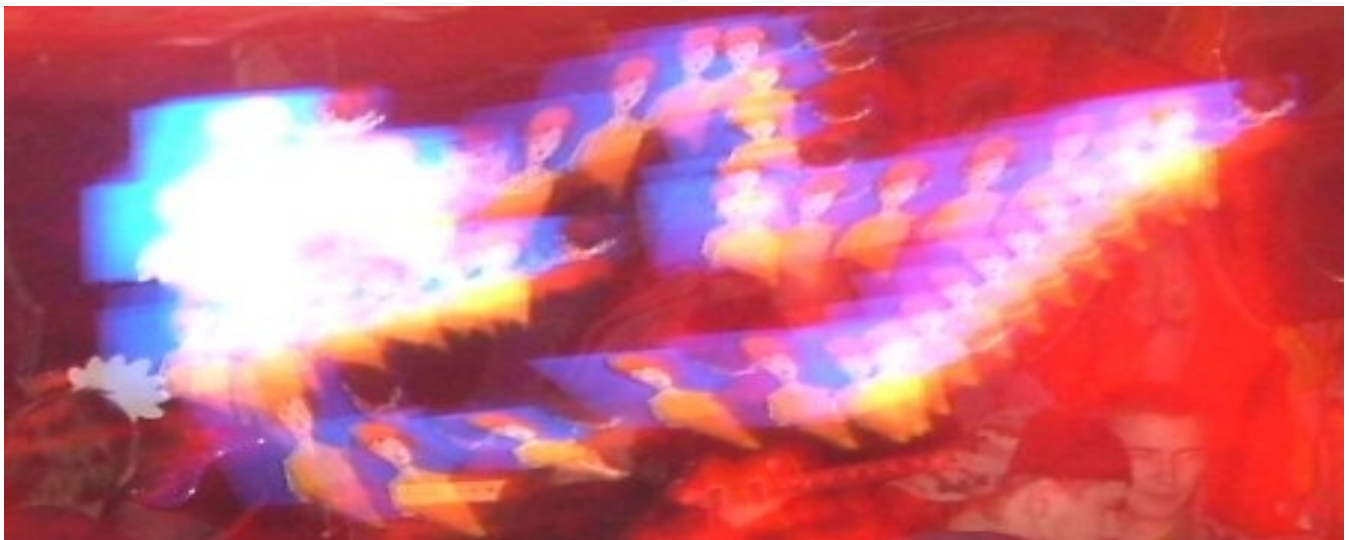
Afraidism

Carol Powell

## Additives

In need of  
courage  
that is not  
liquid  
or otherwise  
red or blue  
addictive  
in search of  
additives  
mind & heart  
street racing  
on residential roads  
looking for a median  
or a shoulder  
to pull over  
desperate  
in need of  
inspiration  
without side effects  
hungry  
quite simply  
feeding jagged teeth  
in need of all things  
to placate  
voracious void

~ Steve Shultz



## Dreamscapes (a selection)

Bric-a-brac fairytale dreams,  
looking skyward arresting the angels.  
I'll be well, once I've had my medicine.

An aspirin to relieve those cosmic blues.  
More gumbo on toast, delta hogwash slush.  
Send me a preacher with a hard on under his robe.

Lining up to be saved, applauding on command.  
Wonder what the bitch will wear today?  
Has she lost weight?  
Oh no, it's home shopping and diet shakes again.

~ Miles Rothwell



Just Waving

Carol Powell



## Genius Remote (excerpt)

Was the Old Man aware of all scenarios in play so that any eventuality could be catered for? Had the Old Man planned everything? These questions plagued her. She didn't want a *Helter Skelter* end like *Butch Cassidy & the Sundance Kid*. Carl was gone. Nothing would change that. Portia was on her way and there were serious question marks over whether Gilliam could be returned to the fold. Although she felt the surge of relentless inevitability, Portia carried on as best she could.

With Portia seemingly out of the equation, the Old Man focused on Nicosia. He had to meet GTK to bed down co-ordinates for the new location and to make sure Ablus handled the use of the password effectively. With the password now flowing through his being, Ablus had at his disposal the awareness and capability that other Angels could only dream of and with it, the ultimate prize of Gilliam's capture, the crowning glory of eternal ascension.

The Old Man had to resolve the issue of what to do with Flores. It would be impossible for him to operate in the Office. So, to ensure Gilliam replaced Portia, he kept the loose cannon out in the field, but his haphazard penchant for chaos would have to be monitored.

Zachary Dupont was also in the Old Man's sights. How long could he hold him off? The quest for absolution would be the quintessential battle for control over the proposed movie of *Gravity's Rainbow*.

With Gilliam directing the Greenaway-Tarantino screenplay and a Zappa sound

track, the film would attain mythical proportions as the greatest piece of Art since the last singularity. If premiered, as planned, on the surface of the Moon with a 4D holographic quadrophonic-surround sound system designed by Greenaway, the message of Enlightenment would surely be dispensed as it deserved, once and for all, for eternity.

The Old Man assumed Gilliam needed protection and he couldn't afford to have the search stall for much longer as his powers had dwindled. To relinquish power was an internal force similar to a star running out of fuel. The question that remained was; does the creator lose energy in the same manner as the Universe he created? Decline is a tough passage to accept. You hold out in hope that whatever past glories you have experienced will visit again, and if they don't, it's hard not to take it personally.

On many occasions, GTK had cautioned his 'Eminence Grise' to proceed cautiously. To move freely within a gourmet recipe that belonged to a global village was a distinguished edition to any volume of work, and, with no boundaries, a maestro was free to stamp his pedigree with immense passion. However, unique creativity and immaculate technique coupled with inspirational ingenuity, craftsmanship, and an innate sense of rich tapestry would make any musical landscape an urgent rhythmic backbone; a Grand Castelar of flowing unison with undulating rolls and fills.

GTK watched the Old Man take it hard, but there was little time to reminisce as details of an entirely different kind of implosion had filtered in.

According to John Kerry's transmission, a screaming fireball hurtled through the sky at 7.59am local time. The famous meteor tracker had seen the noctilucent blaze from

his vantage point in the Mexican wilderness.

The Tower took a direct hit. Flores reacted to the annihilation of his residence with the same resignation as Bill Macy when his testicles were clasped in *The Cooler*. The meteorite completely obliterated everything including the garden but so pure was the impact that it didn't even singe the surrounding stone walls or wrought iron gates and all the neighboring properties remained intact.

The *Event Horizon* was a complete *Space Oddity* and such was the expression of random energy that, within the possibilities of anything occurring at all, the initial asteroid to have the same shape and mass as a Blue Whale shouldn't be dismissed as any more unusual than when it shed some of its mass to form a meteor to have exactly the same shape as the el Bulli restaurant, or that when it splintered into a meteorite the remaining piece had exactly the same shape and mass as the red sofa on the cover of *One Size Fits All*. The noise emitted just before impact, if anyone had been there to hear it, sounded remarkably like the melody of *Revolution No.9* - that number again - and the velocity as it hit the ground was 760mph.

A Black Hole, formerly known as the Tower, had been created. Fortunately Flores was able to share 'digs' at 54 Berners Street, Westminster with his buddy Lucas Distello, who was famous for his thesis which proved unequivocally that, biologically speaking, there is no such thing as fish.

GTK collated all the data from the meteorite strike and made a disturbing conjecture. He issued a report that detailed a calculation that seemed, at first glance, to

infer that all observable laws could be described mathematically as three-dimensional properties in a two-dimensional event.

At first, this made no sense when presented to the Old Man, who had no idea what the creepy little guy was on about. However, unperturbed, GTK went on to describe that observable events which appeared three-dimensional were in fact two-dimensional events with three-dimensional information embedded in their molecular structure, which he subsequently termed the *Spion Kop* postulate.

To assist in the publication of this data, GTK enlisted the help of his Soju drinking buddy, Professor Brian Cox, who was only too happy to present a special BBC series with the help of fellow Freemason, Ricky Gervais, resident lummoX at the Petroleum Oil Riggers' Association. The series, *Wonders of a Fruit Salad*, went to air with the two cosmic jokesters cutting up different types of fruit with impeccable precision to demonstrate their metaphysical properties. In the first episode, GTK held up a mandarin and peeled back the segments to reveal their intrinsic qualities and then wrote a complex mathematical calculation to prove each segment was a two-dimensional object with three-dimensional properties.

The Office was excited about the reaction to the first episode as it was the first successful foray into the murky world of Television programming since F-Troop and plans were made to air subsequent episodes. GTK was equally excited about his return to the small silver screen since the diabolical gut-wrenching disappointment of *My Favorite Martian*, where instead of being given the lead role, and due to some immature

software glitches at the time, GTK had to be content with playing Detective Brown.

GTK was as busy as he had ever been. Not only was he preoccupied with Portia's transformation, but, while monitoring the steady stream of raw data from Hanoi, he also supervised the implementation of the new Office, as well as co-starring in a successful television series. A typical day for GTK would start on Tuesday and end sometime in June. Then, a week went by and it was July. Divergent fields of energy were his specialty and all was humming along smoothly, until an unusual piece of information was picked up on one of his internal filters.

As Zachary Dupont assembled his subordinates for a clandestine re-entry, a former protégé, who also liked to travel alone, was up late one night as he composed on his Hofner 500. John Paul Jones, or 'JPJ' as he was known around the Uwe Tewes Piazza, sketched some chord shapes that would be recorded by Chatal Hoogstraten and Dr Martina Michele for a series of Concert Etudes for Dan Tranh and Continuum.

While he took a break from his compositions, JPJ filled in some time as he updated his favorite Wikipedia entries. While online, he noticed that Anne Hathaway, who was in Ottawa to research her role in *The Devil Wears Prada*, which she based on Hedy Lamarr in *Samson and Delilah*, had asked the Zappa Family Trust why none of the performances from the *Broadway the Hard Way* tour had been released to DVD. JPJ, quite correctly, informed the former psychiatric nurse that there had indeed been a video, of the May 17, 1988 concert staged in Barcelona, transferred to DVD. And, being in no rush to complete his 'Wiki' entry of Charlemagne's son Louis's attempt to conquer



Spain, JPJ continued to update the Zappa entry by naming all the musicians, their instruments, and the songs played that night.

When completed, JPJ reviewed his entry. He felt the need to embellish the facts with a personal reflection on each band member's performance. He began with Ike Willis but, due to the lateness of the hour, went on to confuse Bobby 'Chico' Martin and Tommy Mars in regard to the vocal performance on the track *Sharleena*, by referring to the keyboardist, as Bobby Mars.

This small infraction passed undetected through an abecedary filter, which allowed the misinformation to present at one of the gateways GTK had prepared to jettison the last remaining fragments of the Tokyo-*Seoul* transference before the first Nicosia data could be absorbed. The confusion created, however slight, not unlike the typing error in *Brazil*, had ramifications beyond belief.

While GTK viewed the Tokyo-*Seoul* transfer from his portal, he entered the co-ordinates for Nicosia just as the incorrect information typed in by JPJ was released. The interference resulted in Nicosia being ignored by the framework for just a nanosecond and then a search of sister cities with the co-ordinates of 41 23`N 2 11`E was downloaded.

The first GTK knew of the error was when a series of screen-dumps were saved to the mainframe, including, the Castell dels Tres Dragons, Sagrada Familia, and Camp Nou. GTK had to wait for the reel-to-reel images to land, before he could attempt to reverse the situation, which wouldn't normally have been a problem except for his

attention being diverted by the image of Terry Gilliam paying a taxi driver in Vientiane, in addition to the image of Portia as she flickered on a screen while her itinerary for Hanoi was loaded.

“Hauptstufe ist gegeben!” The overload for his attention forced GTK to choose a sequence of priorities which had Portia’s itinerary at the top of the tally. When GTK returned to the retrieval of the Nicosia transference he was astonished to find the resolution clarity of Barcelona in the top bandwidth, something not seen since Copenhagen.

“Wir brauchen kein geld,” GTK sat in front of the bank of screens, completely absorbed and enamored with the crystal clear images of the sea, the land, and the sophisticated people as they roamed the streets. It was love at first sight.

GTK rapidly checked all the data as the Old Man walked in. He wondered why Tapas was available via the ‘chow’ slots instead of his favorite lamb skewers. Before the Old Man could announce his displeasure, he stood before the screens in total amazement and said, “Wow.”

GTK fiddled with some controls based on the design of the Synclavier as *Watermelon in Easter Hay* piped out of the speakers. A fleeting glimpse of annoyance disappeared as even the Old Man’s desire for Nicosia dissipated. Data poured through at an astonishing rate and all in the clearest detail ever seen on the bridge.

“Can we maintain stability at this rate?” the Old Man whispered.

“So far so good,” answered GTK as he scanned the data feed.

“Whoa! Who was that?” GTK looked up to see the Old Man transfixed.

“Where?” asked GTK.

“There,” the Old Man pointed at the screen.

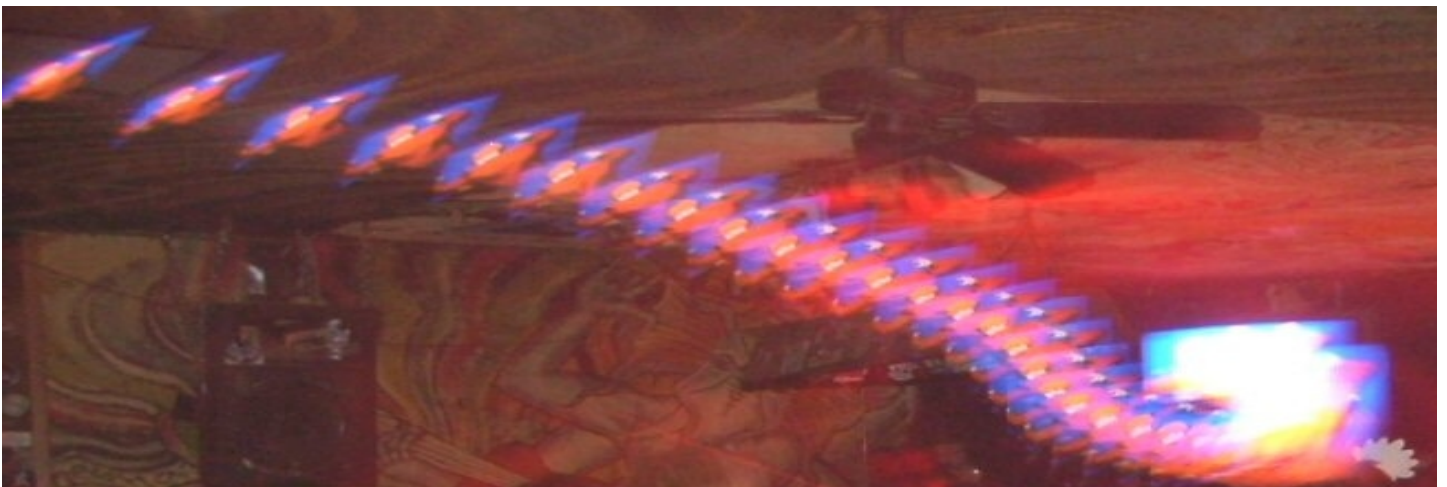
GTK paused, as an image of Johanna Ahlm and Johan Cruyff danced to *Any Kind of Pain* as the 1992 Olympics, FC Barcelona and the 1988 Zappa performance combined in a sonic and visual manifesto.

The Old Man listened to Ike Willis sing while the Swedish Handball team demolished Ukraine. The Old Man was captured by the combination of pure melody and unrestrained physical beauty as three point five billion years of energy culminated to achieve perfection.

The Old Man knew he could not survive another orbit around the *Plastiche Vortex*. It was the dusk before night. A serious thud echoed as the Office hovered over the Camp Nou just as Iniesta slotted in another goal.

“Sorry about that,” GTK smirked.

~ Miles Rothwell



## Fell Swoop

I was asleep at the wheel  
when I was jolted back to life  
by the sickening thud  
of a bird flying sidelong  
into the car next to mine,  
a delicate winged creature  
reduced to a lifeless mass  
of feathers and splintered bone,  
another victim of gravity  
in one fell swoop,  
universal awareness:  
I can't fly, but that bird will never fly again

~ Steve Shultz



Fallen Man

Carol Powell

*Many years ago, I dreamed of*

*you*

*at home in my heart*



## The Bridge

Crossing the bridge  
With nothing solid to step on  
But even so, long as we keep going  
And don't look down...  
We might make it  
And if we fall like the coyote, we will have  
Entertained.... we will have reached our acme  
We will be remembered fondly...  
By the roadrunner  
Who sits around getting fat, bored out of his bird brain  
Longing for the days of being chased around the void.

~ Andy Hall



m.s.m.

## Ghost Nebula

The crew of the Recursive Nightingale gathered in the mess hall. Someone had lined up the chairs so that they all faced the metal-glass window.

Cho, the ship's translator, poured out thimble-sized cups of his legendary shaojiu. "To toast the Recursive Nightingale's first passage through the Ghost Nebula," he explained, as he passed out the cups.

"Only astronauts from New State China will travel through the Ghost Nebula," said Jinkers, the ship's engineer. His unremarkable statement was given a glamor by the fact that he was the only member of the crew to have crossed the nebula. "Western ships fly light-years to avoid it," he chuckled. "Can you imagine? Why are they so afraid of spirits?"

In the Ghost Nebula sleeting particles of exotic dust flick a switch in the mind and make the unseen visible.

The crew laughed and began to tell each other extravagant stories of vengeful spirits and of crews driven mad by unreasonable visions.

"Of course, that was before they knew what to expect. Can you imagine that? Those first ships crossing the Ghost?" Jinkers enjoyed his role as Ghost expert.

"And before the policy of stasis," said Xing, the science technician.

"There it is," shouted Deshi, one of the ship's two cadets.

The Ghost Nebula hung like an eye in space. At the heart of the eye was the shrinking white dwarf radiating light and dust; the strange, ionized dust.

"It doesn't look like I expected it to look," said Deshi.

"What did you expect?" asked Jinkers.

Deshi shrugged.

"Perhaps you'll get a closer look tomorrow," said Xing.

Tomorrow, the crew would draw lots, to see who would remain conscious during the transport through the nebula.

When Jinkers started to tell his story about a husband and his seven dead wives, Deshi tapped Sung Li on the shoulder and pulled her into a corner.

"Will you come to my cabin, tonight, Li? I've been saving my rations to fab a celebratory meal. Shrimp with green tealeaves is your favorite, isn't it? I think you mentioned that once. After all," Deshi turned his head and nodded towards the nebula, "it's a special occasion."

Sung Li was a member of the crew so silent that she was easy to overlook. Even her voice was a whisper, "Thank you, Deshi. That's so kind, but I have an appointment with the captain, tonight."

"The captain?" said Deshi so loudly that a few members of the crew turned around to stare at them. Li thought she saw Jinkers winking at Xing.

"Why do you want to see Captain Feng?" asked Deshi, quietly.

"I have a request for him, Deshi. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow."

#

“Do I understand your request, Sung Li? You’re volunteering for the Ghost Nebula shift?”

Captain Feng was a charismatic man, an important quality for a ship’s captain. It was a quality that was sadly lacking in Li. She knew that she will never progress much beyond her cadet’s stripes.

“Yes, sir.”

The captain reminded Li of Uncle Jun who had lived with Li’s mother for three years. Li had thought that he might stay with them forever. Uncle Ju was an easy-tempered man -- he had to be to live three years with Mother. He had always looked to Li to share his humor, but she never knew quite what to say to him. The few times she had tried to please him with some small joke, she felt that she had got the tone wrong. It was best to say little and be silent.

“You understand the nature of the Ghost Nebula, don’t you?” asked Captain Feng.

“Yes, sir.”

“Why would you request such a thing?”

Li shrugged. Her reasons were impossible to explain.

If Captain Feng was disappointed by her silence, he didn’t show it. He took in a long indrawn breath while he considered, “Well, you’re a member of the crew, albeit a junior member. I have no right to deny this request.”

“Thank you, sir.”

#

“I thought you would’ve told me first,” said Deshi. He’d heard the news from Jinkers. “I thought we were friends.”

“We are friends, Deshi. I didn’t want to say anything, beforehand, in case the captain refused. The news spread so quickly, before I had a chance to tell you. I’m sorry.”

“Okay. Well, that’s fine,” said Deshi. Li watched him as he struggled to hide his disappointment. “You’ll look after me when I’m asleep?”

“I will, Deshi.”

#

The crew climbed into the stasis pods, laughing and making loud nervous jokes. Li wondered if they were reluctant to leave their safety in the hands of a cadet.

Within a few minutes they had entered status sleep. Li checked the status readings and noted their baseline bio-signs. All was well.

She lingered over Deshi’s pod, watching him sleeping. She even said a few words

to him, the things that she would never say when he was awake.

#

The uniform was laid out on her bunk. It had taken months of rations to fab it. It was hers to wear -- at least for a few days. Li dressed in the captain's uniform.

She had traveled far from the factory slums of Neo-Shanghai, rising like a leaping salmon from the swarms of her contemporaries.

Li walked to the mess hall to watch the approaching Ghost Nebula. It would be soon. She smoothed down the captain's uniform, and she smiled.

Sung Li had traveled far. Sung Li had traveled a thousand light years from her childhood.

Sung Li was looking forward to seeing her mother. She has always known what to expect from Mother. Mother would be disappointed.

In a few hours Sung Li would greet her mother's ghost with silence-- comforting, familiar, defiant silence.

~ Deborah Walker



## *I Dreamed of God in a Paper Hat*

I dreamed of God in a newspaper hat  
with a silhouette face like the PBS logo.  
I couldn't make paper hats at the time,  
so it was as so much magic.

He was flat, of course,  
being a two-dimensional head  
and deep in conversation with someone stage left.  
They didn't seem to notice me.

I think there was talk of a boat, because  
I remember wondering if the paper hat would get wet.  
You might be guessing at subconscious ark symbolism,  
but all I could think about were paper boats,  
because people do that too.  
So there must be something to it.

All I knew of religion was the Our Father  
which we had to say every night  
as a family  
holding sweaty hands with my brother  
in a circle on the sticky living room rug that smelled of dog.  
The sacred and sacrilegious always do end up together.

What I remember best from Sunday school  
is the bright colors on the postcard from my neighborhood friend  
and how special I felt to be invited.  
There might have been juice and cookies.  
I asked a question,  
probably prompted by my dad  
---see what they say about that---  
and the teacher frowned.

I never belonged in places where people went like clockwork  
and everyone played their parts and wore the right costumes.  
They will say you can come in,  
but it's not the same.  
The invitations always get crumpled in the end.

~ Lurana Brown







## A Needling

Needle-sew a button to my shirt.  
No one would smell the blue of the circle  
emerging from the shirt's red stripes,  
but, then, should I cut off a button from  
somewhere below and sew that lower one  
on to the neck of the shirt and then  
sew the mismatched one on my below?  
Neither time nor energy to do what's cute.  
The thread's tip pierces the needle's eye and  
I squint, pull and knot its end to its beginning.  
The knot stops the first pass through shirt and  
button. At the top of the front of the neck  
each repeat aims through one of its four holes,  
leaving the thread just enough room to pass  
through the string's scab growing on the button's back.

Mother dead. Wife divorced. Daughter silent.  
All have left me to do once gendered work.  
My appraisal? "Gaudy stink of that blue button  
thrusts up from the red-stripped landscape."  
Solution? A new tie might solve all of this.

~ Don Hagelberg



## Little Pink Angels Melt On My Tongue

I have trouble sleeping,  
so I take melatonin.  
It doesn't work very well,  
so I take Ambien too.  
Winding down and passing out  
in the middle of a famous poem  
only does the job if I have a fan on  
for the sound and the breeze

All the fans are too loud,  
so I wear ear plugs.  
I have high triglycerides.  
I get that from my mother's side  
of the family.  
I take Antara for that  
and fish oil too.

My sugar is elevated.  
I am borderline diabetic.  
I am supposed to stay away  
from eating carbohydrates  
but, I love pancakes  
and every other kind of cake.  
I take fiber to stay regular.  
And driving, working, waiting in line,  
Eating out, and being around people  
in general  
practically everything gives me  
high anxiety.  
I take Xanax for that.  
I love Xanax,  
those little pink angels melt on my tongue..

Nothing  
brightens my dreamscapes  
like Xanax.

I see crowds of people  
burning like wild fire,  
tornadoes of wrath,

blurring the lines  
and blocking out  
my sense of self.

Thanks to Xanax  
I don't ever mind it,  
not even a fly wing width.

Every night I dance in a concrete jungle  
hungry for steel to slam  
into steel.

Listening to the  
industrial pneumatics breathing  
life into the mechanical genius  
of a twenty five thousand ton press  
roaring into the future.

Always the future with Xanax,  
never the past, the bloated dead  
corpse the past.

The eagle bone and chicken feather  
dance in the past.

I barely ever notice it.  
Dogs howl and trains  
moan into the night  
and I pretend it is all  
alright.

Little pink angels melt on my tongue  
and night shaded devils  
nod approval to my every action  
so long as I don't look back.

~ Matthew Sradeja



**NOTHING**

**O  
T  
H  
I  
N  
G**

What if my life  
is actually an inverted  
right angle triangle?

in a parallel universe,  
perhaps everything is  
picture perfect and serene  
and blissful

barely ever at odds with my  
every thought that is formed  
once in a nanosecond

aberrations of all kinds  
passing off as idiosyncrasies

where finally a soap bubble  
traverses the length of my being  
and POPS in a dreamscape

dust to dust  
cheek to cheek  
the real deal.

~ Shloka Shankar





## Accomplishment

There,  
I finished something.  
Mother liked to say that  
I never finished anything.  
But, look, just now,  
I finished this.

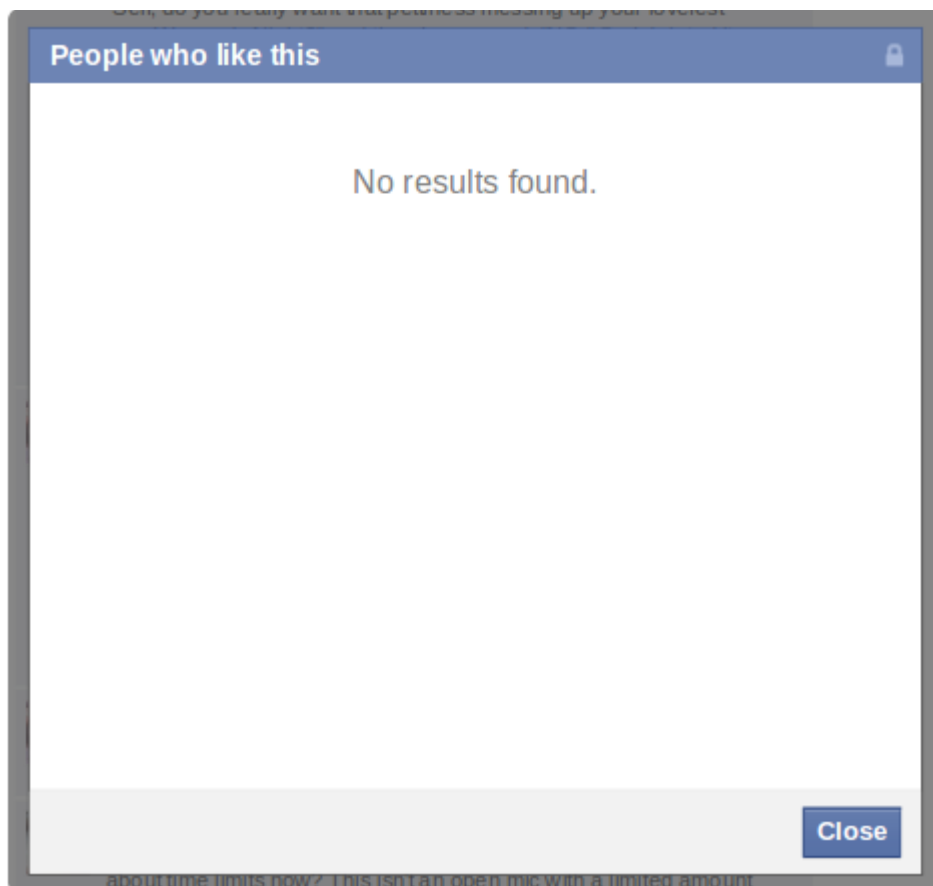
~ Marvin Scott Marvin



Past The Past

Carol Powell

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